

me. I was able to plant my foot and pivot to the side. He hit Nadine hard on the temple. Her head bounced off the hot water heater and she crumpled to the floor, unconscious.

"She's a feisty lady, Chuck," I said, rubbing my throat.

"Yes indeed. Yes indeed," he said.

"Now, where's that bottle?"

"Right here, my man. You only spilled a little."

#### RUTH AND ELLIS CELEBRATE MEMORIAL DAY

He sat at the redwood picnic table on the patio of his tract house in Vista, CA. There were a half dozen empty sixteen-ounce beer cans on the table and an almost empty one in his hand. He took a pull from it and yelled through the sliding screen door into the family room where his wife was watching a game show on the tube. "Hey bitch, get up off your fat ass and get me another brew."

"Cram it, scrotum ears, you want one, you get it yourself," she said, reaching for the T.V. Guide.

He came through the door, striding purposely toward her, whispering, "I'll kill you."

He got his hands around her throat and squeezed, then started shaking, her jowls quivered, large pink hair rollers flew in all directions. Before he could finish her he felt her left hook go deep into his soft, fat belly, doubling him over and dropping him to his knees. Then the famous right uppercut hit him flush on the chin and sent him over backwards, flat on his back. He rolled over, scrambling to his hands and knees, trying to get up when he was sent sprawling by a sharp kick in the ass.

"PUNT. HA, HA, HA," she screeched, holding her house coat up about mid-thigh to allow for full range of motion.

There was only one thing to do when Ruth was in one of these moods. Run.

He charged full blast through the dining room, knocking over the ironing board, and through the front screen door, leaving it lying on the lawn. Ruth was right behind him, screaming like a banshee, hands stretched out in front of



her, like an eagle's claws, hair streaming behind her, large pink rollers clattering in the wind.

Jeffrey, the paperboy, stepped off the sidewalk to let them pass and decided to collect from Ruth and Ellis another day.

## TUESDAY AFTERNOON IN THE RED ROOSTER

Gloria sat in the corner booth wearing a cherry red beehive hair-do and a purple moo moo.

A pack of cigarettes and a pitcher of beer in front of her.

Tony moved in, wearing a ten-gallon hat and a pale yellow toga, his iguana, Bill, on his shoulder, a black patch over his eye.

Big Mike, the bartender, tugged at the shoulder strap of his flower print bikini and got the blackjack out from under the bar. Gloria could be a violent bitch if a guy's come-on hit her the wrong way.

"Excuse me. Could I buy you a drink?" said Tony.

Bill just looked her in the eye.

Her Tarzan scream split the air. She jumped across the table and hit Tony on the side of the head with her beer pitcher.

Big Mike cold-cocked her with the blackjack before she could do any more damage.

Bill climbed up on the bar thinking, "Tony just doesn't know how to talk to a woman."

-- Dan Lenihan

Oceanside CA